

LIKE IT KNITTED

Craze Exists for Dresses, Suits, Blouses and Sweaters.

Sport Clothes Play Important Part; Two-Piece Suits Are Given Decided Preference.

Women ever have been accused of fickleness, especially in the fancies that they take for certain types of dress. Very likely, observes a correspondent in the New York Tribune, if we took the trouble to investigate what lies behind fashions, we would find women less fickle in this respect than mere man supposes—for it is man who always accuses us of this.

This leads up to the costume of knitted materials, for which a veritable craze has developed. They won't last long was the prediction of many people when knitted dresses, suits, blouses and sweaters appeared in such profusion in the latter part of the winter, but the fashion has endured and will continue to endure for a long time because of the ability of a group of people to lift this type of costume entirely out of the humdrum category of the merely practical and not at all beautiful outdoor costume. They have done it by combining beautiful colors, by broadening knitted wool materials in patterns of silk in both contrasting and harmonizing shades and also through the introduction of wonderful embroideries on knitted fabrics. Consequently, we find ourselves in the midst



New French Sweater of Dull Gray Wool, with White Brocaded Pattern in Red Silk.

of a season, where pastime clothes play a more important part than ever before in the history of fashions.

Two-piece suits of knitted fabrics are preferred by the conservative woman. These consist either of a skirt and coat or a skirt and overblouse, the latter in Russian blouse style. Attractive sweater coats in slightly blousing form are developed in silk and wool.

BLOUSES OF LINEN REAPPEAR

Different Weights and Varied Manipulations Characterize Some of the Favored Garments.

Linen has cut more of a figure in blouses this season than it has for several seasons, reappearing in different weights and different manipulations. At one big city store this fabric, in a medium soft weave, has been chosen for the development of a new series of overblouses to which is given the name Bretella.

The models are supposed to fill the need for a waistcoat or gilet, but built on ample, long-waisted lines, instead of cleft after the manner of a man's belt. They come, therefore, with sleeves and without, but with the sleeved more in the majority.

A feature is made of wide box plaits, the whole blouse being constructed in a tailored manner, hanging straight from the shoulder and finished with a three or four-inch band. This treatment has come to be known as a Renee idea, with the band fastened to one side of the front in such a manner that it lends itself to adjustment.

There is some use of hand-drawn work in addition to the more severely box plait fronted effects, and it comes in several different collar shapes, but nearly always swung high. The color range includes orchid, blue, rose and green. The styles are also made up in white, these introducing color in collar bindings and pipings.

Jewelry Fads.

Black and white is again the high peak of fashion for jewelry. With the summer sleeveless gown the wide jet bracelet is to be used with its sparkling crest of brilliants. Jet daggers, long and of romantically Bedouin aspect, are used to slash through a fold of silk and give an air to the exact front of a high little turban. Black and white brooches and black and white combs for the evening coiffure vie in favor with black and white little finger rings.

Russia now boasts of several "trillionaires," who have made fortunes in Russian currency.

Get a package of Handy Scratch Pads at the Record office—advertisement.

The Marble Quarry

By LESTER PETELLE.

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Lucy Bentwich took her husband's hands in hers and stared at him, while the breath came hard between her lips. She read his message in his eyes before he uttered it.

"The Mercury doesn't want you any longer, Jim," she said. "Is that it?" Jim nodded miserably, and they sat down side by side upon the lounge and looked at each other mutely. For months they had felt the blow coming. Jim had been a reporter on the Mercury for five years.

Presently Lucy rose and began to prepare the evening meal.

"Let's get an abandoned farm in New England, dear," she said. "You know one can pick them up for a very small first payment. You can write, and, bit by bit, we can pull things together. I can raise chickens and we'll have a garden, and—"

Lucy's parents had had a farm in New Hampshire and had abandoned it when she was a year old.

They talked the scheme over all that evening, and it ended in their closing up the house and taking a trip into New Hampshire to look around. And then it was that they came upon their ideal village.

It was a tiny, straggling place in a sheltered valley, with high mountains all around, and at the end of the long street was the dearest little place—about 12 acres, with a brook at the foot and a little cottage, falling into decay, but still weather-proof, with old-fashioned trellises and dormer windows—just the place for them.

"We just have it, Lucy," said Jim. Lucy's own spirits rose.

But was it for rent or sale? It had lain vacant for more than 20 years, the neighbors said. Only one man knew—Ezra Powell, the boss of the little community, the village banker, the landowner, whose property adjoined their own. As for the title deeds—the registrar's office had been burned out 12 years before and there was no record remaining.

They went to Ezra Powell and found a grim, red-faced, domineering man, who listened to their request for information with stolid malignity.

"That place ain't to rent or sell," he said, when Jim had ended. "Is it mine? Young man, I don't talk about my private affairs. I say you can't have it."

"Unless that place is yours we are going to take it," said Jim, defiantly. Powell stormed and threatened and the interview terminated with vague threats on the one side and defiance on the other.

They moved out to Clearwater a week later, and by the end of May the house was in order and the ground broken up and planted. A motherly hen and a brood of chickens laid the foundation of what promised to become a flourishing industry. And soon they discovered the cause of Powell's hostility.

It was the neighbors who told them, under pledges of secrecy and with every appearance of fear. There was a rich marble quarry on Powell's land, and the indications were that the vein ran obliquely under their own little farm. He could not put them out, but they could not have put him out. They had only the right of prior possession.

Powell could, however, make life almost impossible, and did. He inaugurated a boycott, and the village tradesmen dared not serve Jim, who was compelled to go to Evesham for his supplies. On his return, loaded down, he found two rough-looking men at the door. Inside was Lucy, crying.

"They tried to get me to come out," she said. "But I knew that if once I left the house they would take possession. Jim, we are like prisoners."

It was true; they were prisoners. Jim dared not leave his land.

It was late in August when Powell visited them. "How long are you two fools going to hold out?" he asked. "You'll have to give up afore winter. Come, I'll give you a couple of hundred to quit."

"I'll go," said Jim, "for seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Done!" shouted Powell with a vehemence which amazed the householders. He pulled out a bulging pocketbook, which he had brought with him for the purpose, and peeled off eight one hundred dollar bills. "Got change?" he sneered.

Jim walked over to a loose board and raised it. Inside of a case was a legal document. Jim took it to the light.

"What's that?" shouted Powell, suspiciously.

"It looks," said Jim, deliberately, "like the legal title to this property."

"The legal owner of this place seems to be one Timothy Brand," said Jim. "That sounds like your father's name, Lucy."

"Why—then this was my father's place!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Wait a minute," cried Jim. "This is a title deed to one hundred and ninety four acres of land. Where is the rest of our property? What about it, Powell?"

Powell was staring curiously at Jim. Suddenly he slipped to the floor. In a moment Jim was at his side.

"Run for a doctor, Lucy!" he shouted.

But when the doctor came Powell was beyond all earthly aid.

Jim owns the marble quarry now, and, when he and his wife are dead, the property will not pass out of the family.

Actresses in New York city who have been unable to find work in their profession have opened a restaurant called the Stage Door Inn, in which all the waitresses are professionals.

VESTABURG

The following is a list of Vestaburg teachers who have taken charge of their teaching duties at various schools, Mrs. Conley Stauffer and Miss Dorothy Custer at Vestaburg; Conley Stauffer at the Block; Clara Stauffer at the Skidmore; Miss Bessie Brown at the Miller; Miss Bessie Dyer at the Locey, in Richland township; Miss Leona Dyer at the Wealthy; near Howard City and George Seranton at Pierson, Mrs. Ella Findsen at the Snick in Richland township, Miss Kathleen Cummings at Riverdale, Miss Hazel Wilson at Cedar Corners in Gratiot county, Miss Hulda Cummings in Bushell township, and Miss Roda Bounce the Beach in Ferris township.

The Vestaburg school commenced Monday with Mrs. Conley Stauffer in charge until the Professor who has been hired from Saginaw recovers from his illness and is able to assume his duties. Mrs. Stauffer will then resume her duties in the Vestaburg High room which she filled last year and which is being filled at the present time by her sister, Mrs. Helen Miel LaClear of Edmore, a former Vestaburg teacher. Miss Dorothy Custer of Vestaburg has charge of the Grammar Grades and Miss Gyger of Edmore the Primary room.

George Seranton moved his family to Pierson last week as he has been hired to teach the school at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Briggs accompanied by their mother, Mrs. Amanda Bradley, and sisters, Mrs. R. J. Bartlett, and Mrs. Ellen Shores, went to Elm Hall, Monday to attend the Home Coming held at that place as they were former residents of Elm Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Elliott entertained over the week end their daughter, Mrs. Coral Blough of Ionia.

Mrs. George Peasley and son accompanied by Mrs. Levi Blough and Miss Opal Beach autoed to Alma, Tuesday of last week.

Edward McCoy of Riverdale autoed here Thursday and took his mother, Mrs. Amanda Bradley to Weidman to spend the day at the home of her brother, Simeon Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy of Middleton were here Saturday evening and Sunday at their home and visited at the home of the latter's uncle, George Gorsuch.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Crosby were in Riverdale, Friday.

George Seranton and family autoed to Fremont, Ohio, to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seranton and grand mother, Mrs. Wm. Lowe, who formerly resided at Vestaburg and returning home accompanied by his mother who will spend a short time visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy moved to Middleton, Thursday where Mr. Murphy has taken charge of his duties as Professor of the Middleton school.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howay and son, Dorland, and Ed Tanner have been spending the past several days at the Fairs running a stand.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reed accompanied by their friend, Mrs. Anna Miller, and daughter and son of Hart autoed to Crystal to visit last Tuesday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Inez Fisher, and on Wednesday they visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moblo in Riverdale.

Miss Martha Walker has returned home from St. Louis where she spent several days at the Saint Campmeeting.

George Arts and family and Audley Caris went near Winn, Sunday and spent the day at the home of Mrs. Arts' sister.

Mrs. John Miller and her daughter and son of Hart spent from Tuesday until Friday of last week here visiting at the home of Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. Wm. Caris, Miss Martha Walker and many other friends. Mrs. Miller whose maiden name was Anna Taft was raised in Vestaburg and resided here until after her marriage, during which time Mr. Miller had charge of the pickle station here.

They moved away a few years ago and he now has charge of the pickle station at Hart.

Mrs. Lula Bridwell and daughter who have been here visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Thurlby left for their home Wednesday.

Audley Caris and Arthur Manley were in Crystal, Wednesday.

Miss Jessie McCalman of Saginaw and her sister, Mrs. Ina McCallister, of Texas autoed to the former's home Friday afternoon after visiting here with their cousins, Miss Martha Walker, and brother, Hugh, and friends, Mrs. Wm. Wason and Mrs. Wm. Caris.

Miss Dorothy Wilson has gone to Alma to attend the High school.

Rev. A. D. Hendricks was in Middleton, Thursday after a printing press.

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